The Necromancer's Guest

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/29705616.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Fluff and Angst, Fluff and Humor, Romantic Fluff, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, Fantasy, Alternate Universe - Magic, Necromancy, Alternate Universe - Hannibal (TV), Animal Abuse, Dogs
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-26 Completed: 2021-03-28 Words: 9,109 Chapters: 8/8

The Necromancer's Guest

by wulfeyes08

Summary

> “Hello William, it’s nice to see you.” His name rolled off Hannibal’s tongue, almost playful.
>
> “Shut up.” He snapped.
>
> “Still upset?”
>
> “You nearly killed me.” They circled each other, like two wolves, both poised and ready.
>
> “I seem to remember you trying very hard to do the same.” He tapped his chest, the spot over his heart. “It was quite the wound.”

Notes

> An AU where Hannibal is a necromancer and Will is the angry, vengeful hunter who has come for revenge. I thought it sounded fun and interesting. Enjoy!

Chapter 1

Will cut through the undead with ease, sword slicing through the air, removing heads and limbs from the decrepit creatures. Rotting fingers reached for him, teeth and gums gnashing in hunger, the fetid odor of decay wafting around him. He looked forward, slipping through their grasp on instinct rather than sight. His focus was on the black clad figure in the distance, the Necromancer, Hannibal. He drew closer, dancing around the zombies until he was right on top of him. He swung his sword in a downward arc and his adversary stepped out of its trajectory with ease. Will turned, holding the weapon up between them, glaring at the predatory amusement looking back at him. The man was like a cat, all grace and cunning, even removing his jacket as he backed away from another swing of the deadly weapon. He snapped his fingers, and the zombies began to move into a ring, caging them in.

“Hello William, it’s nice to see you.” His name rolled off Hannibal’s tongue, almost playful.

“Shut up.” He snapped.

“Still upset?”

“You nearly killed me.” They circled each other, like two wolves, both poised and ready.

“I seem to remember you trying very hard to do the same.” He tapped his chest, the spot over his heart. “It was quite the wound.”

“Remind me to feel pity for you.”

“Well come on then, hunter, kill me.”

Hannibal had no weapons, he simply side stepped every blow, infuriating Will to the point of distraction. He controlled this fight much as he had their previous one, his patience and prowess gaining him the upper hand. Will didn’t expect the fist that connected with his jaw, rocking his senses and sending him spinning. The strength behind it was shocking. He was down on one knee, trying to blink away the stars swimming in front of his eyes.

“William, William, William.” He heard footsteps approaching, moving around him. “Have you learned nothing?”

“Go to Hell…bastard”

“Such language.”

“I don’t care.” His vision finally cleared, and he found himself flat on his back staring up at Hannibal. The man was straddling him, knees pinning his wrists to the ground, Will’s sword in his hand. “Go ahead, kill me.”

“How easy it would be.” He raised the sword and stabbed it into the ground next to Will’s head. “No, I feel like something else is in order.” He leaned down, fingers gripping Will’s jaw

as he pressed their lips together.

He felt something tingle over his tongue, cold and bitter that slipped down his throat and into his chest. He couldn't breathe, feeling like he was burning from the inside out. Behind it was hunger, an all-consuming hunger that threatened to pull him in and devour him. Hannibal pulled back, a smirk pulling at his lips. "Wha…"

"It's okay, William, sleep."

"I…" He tried to fight whatever had been done to him, but his entire being felt heavy. Even blinking took effort. His eyes stayed closed on one, and he slipped off into unconsciousness.

Will lay in darkness, the chill of it washing over his skin and filling him. He felt something slide up his ankles, moving up his legs, over his thighs, touching his abdomen, his chest and pressing that cold into him. The creature, inky black and antlered rose above him. It leaned into him, face close, eyes boring into his, icy breath cascading over his lips. A shiver ran through him, his breath coming out in a gasp. He woke, eyes snapping open. He was hanging by his wrists from the ceiling, his shoulders aching. Dim light seeped in from behind him, letting him know he had been out for a while. He felt weak, his entire body chilled, the latter due to the fact his shirt and armor were missing.

"Finally awake."

He jumped at the voice and managed to raise his head, watching as Hannibal detached himself from a corner, darkness slipping away from him as he dropped the magical camouflage. "Did your shadow tell you?"

"It did." He moved closer. "It really is good to see you."

"Is it?"

"You disagree?"

"Of course I do."

"Then maybe you should not have followed me."

Will swallowed, feeling that all too familiar twisting in his chest. "You know I had to."

Hannibal nodded, his eyes dropping to the scar crossing Will's abdomen. "I did." He reached out, tracing it lightly and causing goosebumps to rise on Will's skin. "I hoped you would." He looked back up. "I thought of leaving you, but that seemed…"

"Rude?"

He chuckled, the sound hitting Will in the stomach. "Yes, exactly, rude."

They stared at each other for a moment, taking each other in, reading each other. "So, what now?" Will finally asked. "Are you going to torture me?"

“I would prefer not to.”

“Then what?”

He held up his hand, showing Will a ring of metal. “You will be my guest for a while.”

He glowered at him, tugging at his restraints. Hannibal stood there, silently waiting for him to still. “I’m not a dog.” He finally said as he stopped.

“You are certainly doing nothing to convince me.” He reached up and Will froze, a shiver moving up his spine as Hannibal’s fingers brushed the nape of his neck. He seemed to linger there too long, purposely teasing him, until he finally dropped his hands and only the collar was left.

He stepped closer, an arm wrapping around Will’s waist as he reached behind himself, pulling out a dagger and cutting him free. The moment his feet touched the floor, Will looped his still bound wrists over his head and pushed back, slamming him against the wall. He crossed his arms, wanting to choke him, when the same cold burn from before seemed to constrict around his neck and burst through his chest. He doubled over and Hannibal slipped his head free as Will stumbled back. Colors exploded behind his eyes, and if not for the windowsill, he would have gone down. He stood there shaking and sucking in breath after breath of air.

“You…you said you weren’t going to…going to torture me.”

“And I’m not, you are. Attacking me will only serve to do two things, hurt you and bring you to your knees. I am sure neither is appealing to you.”

“A guest…what a joke.” He coughed, rubbing at his throat.

“I will treat you as such for as long as you are polite.” He crossed over to him, grabbing his arm. “I am nothing if not merciful.” He cut the rope away then slapped the dagger into Will’s hand. “To remind you of my forgiveness.” He reached up, hand sliding over Will’s cheek. “Don’t forget.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> “With the exception of my freedom, you mean?”
>
> “You are the one standing between yourself and freedom, mongoose.”
>
> “Don’t.” He came to a stop and Hannibal turned to face him. “You have no right, no right to talk to me like that. We aren’t friends, Hannibal, so stop trying to butter me up with your stupid pet names.”

Chapter Notes

> Falling asleep in the tub is bad, as Will learns.

“My home is your home, Will.” Hannibal explained as they climbed a set of stairs. “You are welcome to anything I have here; food, clothing, whatever you desire is yours.” They came to a door, and Hannibal pushed it open, leading him out of his prison and into another.

“With the exception of my freedom, you mean?”

“You are the one standing between yourself and freedom, mongoose.”

“Don’t.” He came to a stop and Hannibal turned to face him. “You have no right, no right to talk to me like that. We aren’t friends, Hannibal, so stop trying to butter me up with your stupid pet names.”

Hannibal’s eyes bore into his, studying him, reading him. “Very well, I will refrain from now on.”

“See that you do.”

He turned away again, gesturing to each room as they passed them; kitchen, living room, a library filled from top to bottom with books, a study. He then took him upstairs. “This will be your room.” He opened the door, stepped inside. “I hope you find everything you need, if not, tell me.” He turned to him, gaze finding Will’s, staring into him, completely unblinking like some great predator. Will tried to hold it, tried to find his strength and courage, but he wavered, ducking his head. Long fingers lifting his chin, warm and thrumming with magic. “Manners for manners, Will, I would like to see your eyes when we speak.”

“What do you care if I am obedient or rude? I am nothing but your prisoner.”

“You are far more than that.”

“Liar.” He jerked his chin away, his entire body shaking. “Get away from me.”

Hannibal stepped closer, their noses nearly touching, and Will reflexively gripped the dagger and started to drive it up and into his abdomen. His knees buckled, the weapon clattering to the floor as he brought his hands up to his throat. He drew in ragged, pained breaths, tears burning in his eyes. “Dinner will be ready in an hour.”

“Not…hungry. Go…die.”

“I expect you to eat, Will.” He could feel his eyes on him. “You can bathe in the adjacent room.”

He stayed silent, refusing to look up, watching Hannibal leave out of his periphery. He couldn’t fight back, couldn’t kill, couldn’t so much as take a swing at the Necromancer, and he was sure if he ran, he would be forcibly brought back. Hannibal was a persistent, strong, and unyielding force of darkness that would never leave him. He was alone with only that man and his shadow for company.

Thirty minutes passed, and he finally decided to get off the floor and clean himself up. When he opened the door of the room connected to his, he was hit in the face with a blast of hot air. Steam curled out at him, smelling of lavender and he stepped inside. Warm light glowed from orbs placed around the room and there was a pool of water in the floor, inviting him in. He removed his clothes, tossing them back into the bedroom, then tested the water before slipping in. It brought heat back into his limbs and core. He washed the dirt and grime from his skin, scrubbed his fingers through his hair. Sore muscles loosened and he found himself enjoying the bath. He came to the edge of the pool, folding his arms along the edge and resting his head on them. He was exhausted, his mind overstimulated from being in Hannibal’s presence.

“William.” Fingers brushed across his temple. “William, wake up.”

He jerked up, and started to step back, but his arm was caught, and he was pulled forward. Hannibal was there, crouched on the edge of the bath, staring back at him. “What are you doing in here?” He felt how vulnerable he was right away, knowing he was only covered by the water.

“You fell asleep.”

“I…” he hadn’t remembered that. “I guess I did.”

“Luckily for you, I was alerted.”

“Your damn shadow…what do you want?”

“For you to get out of the water.” He drew him closer.

“I can get out on my own, I’m not a child.”

“Oh?” He continued to pull, and Will had no choice but to go with him. He had no leverage, and before he could further protest, he was out of the water and standing there, every inch of him completely exposed.

“I said…”

“Enough, you could have drowned.” Will jerked his arm away and was so furious, he spit at the Necromancer. Fingers curled around his throat, over the collar. He was unable to fight against Hannibal’s strength, finding himself on his back again. His face was close, a flash of fury in his eyes that radiated out and washed over Will. Magic tingled over his skin, cold and threatening. “There are many things I will allow, but this is not one of them.”

“Why not? Why keep doing this?”

“Why, you ask?” The fingers of his free hand traced over Will’s face, touching his nose, his lips, his chin, sending a shiver vibrating through him. “Because,” they found his chest, his sternum, and his abdomen, “every bit of you,” he stopped at the scar, “is in my care.” He leaned so close their noses touched. “I will not have you do something so foolish as to drown while bathing.”

Will was frozen, thinking for a moment that he saw a glimmer of fear in Hannibal’s eyes. It was gone before he could question it, and anger rose in him at being talked to like he was a child. “Get off of me.”

“You will give me your word, you will never do this again, or I will punish you here and now for your carelessness.”

He gritted his teeth, knowing if he fought back, it would only result in more pain. “Fine, I promise.”

“See that you do not break it.” He stood and Will scrambled away. “I will see you downstairs. Do not make me come for you.” He left him and Will sat there shaking because he was angry, because Hannibal was right, because he hated the desire that twisted in his belly every time the Necromancer was close to him.

He had picked himself up off the floor, had found clean clothes tucked away in an armoire against the wall. The material felt expensive, was soft against his skin as he pulled them on and fit perfectly. “Like they were made for me.” He said to himself. He ran his hand down the front of the shirt, swallowing. The Necromancer knew him far too well.

Dinner was spent in silence. He didn’t want to talk to Hannibal, didn’t want to get close to him again. Distance allowed him to hold onto his pain and rage, to hate this man for what he had done. He left the table after without a word, relieved when nothing came from his refusal to be polite. Too much had happened in such a short period of time and he needed space to process.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> “I need you to step away from that.” The voice startled him, and he froze, hand hovering near the dog. He looked over his shoulder. The man was glaring past him at the animal, his bow gripped in his hand.
>
> “Is this your dog?” Will asked as he stood up straight and turned to face him.
>
> “Does he look like he belongs to me?”

Chapter Notes

> WARNING: THE FOLLOWING CHAPTER HAS A WOUNDED, DYING ANIMAL IN IT!
>
> I wanted to give Will a dog, because he needs a dog, always.
>
> Also, just in case you were curious as to how Hannibal's necromancy works: whatever life he puts into something, makes it his, but instead of using his on the dog, he uses Will's because he wanted the dog. It's like he's giving him a gift, this thing is Will's not Hannibal's, like a peace offering. He also insisted Will name the dog, to bind it fully. Names have power and all that.

Will explored the house, walked the grounds, and avoided Hannibal when he could. Three days had passed, three days of silence and trying to find a way out of his predicament. He wandered further and further from the house each day, towards the woods, but he always returned, not knowing how far he would be allowed to go before he was brought back, or the collar was activated. He was reluctant to re-enter that house, to see the Necromancer, to spend meals with him and hear him speak. Their dance was full of one-sided resentment, Will hissing and spitting like a cornered cat while Hannibal stayed calm and collected. It frustrated him, feeling like he would rather have the man’s direct wrath than his patience.

He never asked him for anything, not until the fourth day. He had been walking along the tree line, bare feet sinking into the soft grass, the fingers of one hand idly playing with the collar. There was no seam, no real lock, and he could feel the magic in it, Hannibal’s intent living in the metal. He had tried to pull it off once and had only succeeded in bruising his neck.

The loud, shrieking yelp of pain shocked him out of his thoughts. He looked to the woods, to that agonized scream that sent a chill through him. He ran, forgetting he was barefoot in his concern for whatever creature was making that awful sound. The dog was laying on the ground when he found it, an arrow sticking out of its side, its breathing labored and pained, the noises it made ones of absolute terror. “Hey…hey…it’s okay.” He approached the dog slowly, holding out a hand, staying low and keeping his voice soft.

“I need you to step away from that.” The voice startled him, and he froze, hand hovering near the dog. He looked over his shoulder. The man was glaring past him at the animal, his bow gripped in his hand.

“Is this your dog?” Will asked as he stood up straight and turned to face him.

“Does he look like he belongs to me?”

“No, but the arrow does.”

“The beast deserved it.”

“What?” Anger rose in him, sharp and ugly. “He’s just a dog.”

“He’s been killing my chickens. I tracked the bastard all the way here.” He reached back, pulling an arrow from his quiver. “Now, move.”

“No.” He wasn’t close enough he could do anything, so he stood his ground, ready to die for the dog if he had to.

The man glared at him, nocking his arrow and lifting the bow, drawing back on the string. He braced himself. “That really will not do.” Hannibal’s voice startled them both. A hand rested on his shoulder, that dark magic sweeping through him and bringing with it a cold fury. He stepped to stand between Will and the man. “I would ask you to leave my land.” His voice was calm, unwavering, his posture seeming relaxed and full of his ever-present confidence, but Will could see the tightly coiled muscles, his readiness to spring.

“Hand over the mutt.”

He let out a little chuckle, the sound more terrifying than his usual even politeness. “William, I would like you to take the dog back to the house and wait for me in my study.”

“He’s dangerous.”

“He has stepped into my domain, my forest, my world.” Will could see it then, the shadowy creature lurking there behind the man, rising to its full antlered height, long fingers reaching out and grabbing him. Hannibal looked over his shoulder, a smile at his lips. “I will meet you after I am done here, now go.”

Will’s heart seemed to dance in his chest, and he told himself it was from fear as he turned and lifted the dog into his arms. Blood soaked into his shirt as he walked, and the animal whined with each jostle. He apologized, telling him they would be out of the woods soon, that he would be alright, that he was going to save him. He pushed through the front door and

carried the dog to the study. He sat with him on the floor in front of the fireplace, cradling him close and shushing him. The dog's breathing was labored, his chest heaving, blood mixing with the dirt and mud already covering him. If felt like an eternity before Hannibal returned, his hands and face coated in blood and crossed over to Will and the dog.

"William," he squatted down, "he is dying."

"He isn't."

"Do you hear the way he is breathing?"

Will swallowed, heart twisting, eyes burning. "If…"

"You could not have saved him." He reached out, fingers brushing over Will's cheek, smearing blood across his skin.

"Did you kill him?"

"I did."

Will nodded. "Good." He finally met the Necromancer's gaze. "Please…"

"Please?"

He couldn't believe what he was about to say, the request he was about to make, but he could feel the dog's life slipping away, his breaths coming further and further apart. "You can bring him back."

Hannibal looked just as surprised as Will felt, his eyes widening a fraction at the statement. "You would ask this of me?"

"Yes." He was disgusted by the thought, by what his power could do, but this dog didn't deserve to die like this. "Please…give me this."

"You know what it means, you must be sure."

Will nodded. "My life is his life, I know."

"Very well, hold tightly to him." Will's grip tightened and Hannibal tugged the arrow free. He slid his hand over the dog's head, his eyes locking with Will's, holding his gaze captive as he drew the last of the dog's life force from its body. Will let out a shaky breath when the animal went slack, swallowing down his sorrow. "Only temporary." Hannibal's voice was soft, soothing even. "Watch."

He looked down, morbid curiosity taking over, and nearly jumped away when he saw a soft red moving from his fingers to crawl along the dog's fur. It was like electricity, arcing out and binding with the animal's being. It slipped over Will's skin, causing goosebumps to rise there as it drew from him and pushed new life into the dog. He gasped, his heart jumping in his chest, a brush of butterfly wings in his stomach. The dog breathed and Will's tears finally

spilled over. He hugged the animal tightly, swallowing the lump in his throat. “Thank you.” He said.

“You should both bathe.”

“Okay.”

He managed to get to his feet, Hannibal standing with him, helping to steady him. They made eye contact for a moment, Will quickly looking away, shame settling into his heart at what he had just done. “I will see you at dinner.”

“Yes.”

“You need to name him as well.”

“Alright, I will.” He carried the dog from the study and upstairs to his room, feeling far more conflicted than before.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“William?”

“Yeah.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Are you okay?”

“Just a bit of a mishap.”

Chapter Notes

Dogs and magic and dogs. I really enjoy the softer moments between the two, where they're not quite sure where they stand with each other.

Winston adored Hannibal as much as he seemed to love Will. It was strange, watching the dog following him around, tail wagging or sitting obediently and watching him work with interest. Will didn’t understand it and often found himself calling the dog away to walk with him outside. The animal would let out a whine, as if saying there was no point in trying to avoid the inevitable. “He can stay if he wishes.” Hannibal would say.

“I wouldn’t want him disturbing your great work. ” Will would shoot back, his voice not nearly as venomous as it had been, much to his chagrin.

“As you wish.” He would reply before returning to his books and journals.

He and Winston walked the perimeter of the house, the dog sniffing everything as they went along. “Do you think anyone has realized I’m missing?” He would ask his new companion. “I told a few where I was going, but they fear him.” The dog sneezed, as if saying that was ridiculous. “Maybe he’ll tire of me, maybe he’ll cut me open and consume my heart before turning me into one of his puppets.” He paused, looking out at the forest. “How far do you think I would get, before he stopped me?” Winston cocked his head to the side in question and Will had to look away from him. It was like he was asking ‘Would you even want to run?’ “Why would I want to stay? He’s a manipulative bastard.” They continued their walk, finally coming back around to the front of the house before heading off to the forest. They stayed right there on the edge, and as night began to fall, they made their way back inside.

“You have become so much more agreeable since the dog.” Hannibal pointed out as they ate. “If I had known that is all it took, it could have saved us a lot of trouble.”

“I’m not agreeable, I just have something better to focus on.” It was a lie. He could feel things had changed after that day in the forest.

“How hurtful.”

“Yes, because you have never hurt me.”

A frown tugged at the Necromancer’s lips. “I suppose that is true.”

Will could still feel the heat of the knife slicing into his belly. It tore at him even in his dreams, sometimes leaving him bleeding to death and other times spilling his guts out on the floor. He could still hear his screams as he begged Hannibal to come back and stop Abigail’s bleeding. He had shied away from it, trying not to truly absorb what had happened, only believing that if he wanted to move on, he would have to kill this man. He hadn’t given a single thought to what was going through Hannibal’s head, until now. Being so close to him, unable to follow through with his plan, he was forced to feel the Necromancer's emotions.

Winston moved away from Will and sat next to Hannibal, letting him know he had gone too far. Will sighed, hating that he had to agree. He had not spared his captor a kind word since being here, even his thank you over the dog forced from his lips out of habit. “Sorry.”

“For what, being honest?” He huffed out a laugh. “At least you are speaking to me. I would rather have your hate than your silence.”

“Hannibal.”

He held up a hand, silencing Will. “I have work to do, please, eat as much as you like.” He stood and lifted his plate. “Goodnight, William.” He walked out, Winston following him. Will was left alone, with only his thoughts for company and he hated himself for the sudden need to ask for forgiveness. There were so many things he knew he shouldn’t feel, remorse and want chief among them, but he had just as much control over his emotions, as he did over the empathy that plagued him. He stood, no longer hungry, and started to clean up the table. He needed to stay busy, to keep his focus on escape and off the ever growing regret he felt in his soul.

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“Please…please…Hannibal…” He crawled over to Abigail, grabbing at her throat and squeezing down like he had seen Hannibal do before. Blood flowed past his fingers, his grip too weak to stop it. “Don’t…don’t…” He was slipping away, pulled down by darkness, his own life spilling onto the floor. “I’m sorry…I’m so sorry.”

A bark cut through the horror, high pitched and distressed and Will groaned. A whine, then something warm and wet swiping across his nose. He jerked awake, shoving Winston back. “What…what is it boy?” The dog walked away from him and stopped at the room door. When Will didn’t move, he came back and barked in his face.

“Alright…alright…I’m coming.” He got up, shoving the covers back and swinging his legs over the edge of the bed. Winston whined, and Will hurried after him, more alert now as he followed him downstairs. The dog brought him to Hannibal’s study. Soft light filtered out to hit the opposing wall, a deathly silence greeting him as he looked around the doorframe. His heart jumped when he saw him lying in the middle of the floor. His body moved of its own volition, his legs carrying him across the room where he dropped down next to the Necromancer. He was unconscious, shirt torn open, blood staining his clothes. Bruises, ringed his left wrist and he could see more at his neck. They looked like fingers. “Hannibal?” He slid his hand along his cheek and gently turned his head. He looked pale, drained. “Hannibal, can you hear me?” He let out a groan, his eyes slowly blinking open. “Hey.” He brushed his thumb over his cheek. “You there?”

“William?”

“Yeah.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Are you okay?”

“Just a bit of a mishap.”

Will helped him set up and then slowly get to his feet, sliding an arm around his waist to steady him. “This looks like more than a mishap.”

“I apologize if I woke you.”

“You didn’t, Winston did, and I’m glad he did.”

Hannibal smiled. “No doubt you hoped I had died.”

“I…” The truth was he wasn’t sure what he hoped.

“Less trouble for you.”

“Hannibal…”

“You should go back to bed; I can handle this.”

“You never know when to shut up.” He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. “Just, let me help, you can barely stand.”

“Alright.”

He should leave him there, leave him to suffer and deal with his injuries. They were no doubt caused by his own hand, but there was this feeling of resignation coming from him, an emotion he would have never used to describe him. It tempered his anger as he helped him out of the study and into the living room, getting him settled then leaving to retrieve rags and a bowl of water. “Take your shirt off.” He demanded as he sat on the table across from him.

“Would you like to repeat that?”

“No, now do it.”

Hannibal huffed out a laugh and grabbed the frayed edges of the shirt, tearing it open and slipping it off. Will didn’t realize he was staring until the Necromancer cleared his throat. He felt heat crawl up his neck and into his face as he dipped the rag in the water. He leaned forward, wiping blood from his skin, revealing what looked like claw marks.

“What happened in there?”

“Magic is a fickle beast. All it takes is one wrong word or gesture, one bad ingredient. I made a mistake, and I was punished for it.”

“I believe you just described yourself.”

He grabbed Will’s wrist, causing him to drop the rag. He tried to pull away, but Hannibal pressed his hand tightly against his chest. “Has something happened?”

“What do you mean?”

“To have you here, with me, helping me. I do not remember being your responsibility.”

“I owe you.”

“For?”

He finally got himself free and grabbed the rag, continuing his cleaning as he tried to come up with something. He glanced up at Hannibal’s face, seeing he was staring, expecting an answer. “Well…Winston, of course.”

He chuckled. “Then I will make sure to find you more pets.”

“I would ask that you don’t.” He replied, even though the sentiment warmed him. “I would hate to have to drag so many away, when I leave.”

“Of course.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> “You are bleeding.” He said, his tone soft despite the emotional turmoil he was going through. “You should knock before you enter.”
>
> “I was...I was concerned.”
>
> “That is doubtful.”

Chapter Notes

> Sorry I'm so late getting this one out. I've been one busy bee. Here it is though, love y'all, thank you for continuing to read all my madness.

Things had started to change. As much as Will wanted to deny it, things had started to change, and it started with broken glass. He could tell Hannibal was under a lot of stress. He generally hovered between two moods: calm, cool, collectiveness and open amusement. Knowing he was in a bad mood, feeling the frustration crash over him, piqued his interest.

The sound of something breaking drew him from the library to the study where the Necromancer had been holed up since before dawn. He hadn’t joined Will for breakfast or lunch and had kept the door closed to block out everything but his work.

Will pushed it open, shrapnel catching on his cheek as something shattered against the doorframe. He froze, eyes locked on Hannibal. Sharp, angry breaths left the Necromancer’s lungs and his eyes seemed to glow with a feral rage that sent a shiver up Will’s spine. Shock found its way into those deep pools of irritation and he was suddenly across the room, gently grabbing Will’s chin and turning his head.

“You are bleeding.” He said, his tone soft despite the emotional turmoil he was going through. “You should knock before you enter.”

“I was...I was concerned.”

“That is doubtful.”

“What happened?”

“That is not for you to worry about.”

Will glared at him, knocked his hand away. “The least you could do is give me the courtesy of not treating me like some fragile little teacup.”

“I have never seen you as such.”

“Then tell me.”

“My work is not going as planned. I lost my temper.” He reached for Will again. “If I had been more accurate, I would have hit you.” He leaned closer and Will’s entire being stilled.

“What are you doing?”

“One's life force should not be so carelessly wasted.” His tongue touched Will’s cheek, taking the blood with it and he felt magic tingle over his skin. Heat rose in his cheeks, a little gasp pushing past his lips. He planted his hands against Hannibal’s chest, the collar the only thing stopping him from shoving the Necromancer away. “There, much better.”

“What...what did you do?”

“Healed your wound.”

Healed. The word bit at him. Healed. It sank teeth into his soul and he felt himself beginning to shake. “That’s all it takes?” Abigail, so innocent, flashed through his mind.

“What, of course.”

He gripped his shirt, finding the strength and courage to push him back until they encountered his desk. “Two seconds, two seconds of your stupid power, two seconds and you...you could’ve...but you didn’t!”

“William…”

“You’re a bastard!”

“I am well aware of what I am.” His hands found Will’s and pulled them gently from his shirt. “I know what I have done.”

“Do you? Is that why you continue to torment me? What’s next, are you going to take Winston? Maybe kill and eat me? Perhaps burn the world?”

“Would you like me to do those things?”

“I would like a little bit of honesty!”

“I have never lied to you.”

Will stepped back, glaring at him, and lifted his shirt. “Is this the truth?” His voice was shaking, his mind and body begging him to lash out. “Was what you did to her, the truth?” He dropped his shirt. “We were just playthings to you, just an easy way to pass your time.”

Hannibal had gone completely silent and still, everything about him so empty for an instant that Will actually took another step back. Then he felt it, the magic in the collar, the shock of ice-cold agony that brought him to his knees. He felt suffocated, his eyes watering, and then it hit him, regret, sorrow, shame. They washed over him in wave after excruciating wave, so it took him a moment to realize they weren't his emotions, but Hannibal's. He looked up at the Necromancer, his chest a twisted ache at the pain on his face. Then it was gone, and he could breathe again.

"You have all the answers, do you not?" Hannibal turned, lifting a book from his desk, and squatted down, leaving it on the floor for Will. "If you ever knew me, you would know you were no toy." He grabbed his chin, tipping his head back. "If anyone was being played, it was me." He stood, leaving the study, every bit of him closed off to Will.

He flipped the book open, seeing the first journal entry and he grabbed it up, collected himself and headed for his room, a feeling of loneliness settling in his heart.

*

He stared down at the journal, his finger tracing over the runes that had been etched into the dark leather. A Necromancer never gave his secrets away, but Hannibal had so willingly handed his over. Will took a deep breath and flipped it open.

"I have never suffered a rude man or woman and have spent decades perfecting the art of dispatching them. They are nothing to me but creatures to be consumed. Until today, today I met the hunter. He is young and vibrant with eyes that see to the core of you. He is strong and willful, honest and empathetic. He does not spare me a single word, unaware of what I am, of what I could do."

It was true. When he had first met Hannibal, he had not seen him completely. He had felt there was something strange about him, something dark, but he had not known just how deep that darkness was until much later.

"Why I do not kill him is beyond me. Something stays my hand, perhaps just curiosity, but I cannot bring myself to take his life."

He flipped through the pages, reading about his day to day, his work, his thoughts on their interactions, seeing his words moving from mere intrigue to admiration, an affection evident in each one. He paused when he came to one dated a week after that night.

"I have done something unspeakable, something I believed, at the time, to be necessary. To say I felt nothing would be a lie. I believed cutting them from me would free me, would make me whole again, that I would be myself and not this empty desperate thing I have become. The taste of betrayal is still fresh in my mouth, so bitter it twists my stomach, yet I have done far worse to him, my hunter. I am not free. I have imprisoned myself."

The next one was far more recent.

"To wipe that look of abhorrence from his face, I would do anything, but my work continues to bring me nothing but more pain. First the demon, and now a dead end. I lose more of

myself with every attempt, yet I cannot stop trying. If I could fix my mistakes, perhaps then he would forgive me, perhaps then he would want me."

The next three pages were covered in runes and incantations, then sketches of various circles with differing symbols, a few marked with an 'X'. This was the source of his frustration and injuries, his inability to finish this project, this bid for absolution. Danger. The word jumped into his mind, sending a shiver of fear up his spine. Hannibal was in danger.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> “I know that all of this, me being here, that collar around your neck, what he has been doing, is all because of you.”
>
> “My punishment, his revenge. He wants me to suffer.”
>
> “Such a foolish notion.”
>
> “If not that, then what?”
>
> “You’re the empath darling, you tell me.”

Chapter Notes

> Did I add drama for the sake of adding drama because sometimes you need more sass than you can handle? Yes...yes I did and I don't regret it.

Hannibal was in danger. The thought shouldn’t have bothered him, but it did. Something terrible was going to happen, something dark and deadly, he could feel it. He took him in in glances as they ate, looking for any sign of illness or pain, or any left-over injury, but he could discern nothing. “Still trying to find a way to kill me?” Hannibal asked, lowering his fork.

He felt himself flush at being caught. “I…no.”

“Did you read my journal?”

“I did.” He took a deep breath. “Hannibal, are you…”

The knocking interrupted him, but neither of them moved, frozen for a moment, the space between them so full of unsaid things. Winston barked, and the moment passed. Hannibal stood, the Necromancer passing him, and Will felt the void beginning to grow. He got to his feet, following.

“Wait.”

“Not now, William.”

“What do you mean not now?”

“I mean later.”

“Later?”

He pulled the front door open, and Will’s protests fell away as he found himself staring at a man similar enough to him, they could be brothers. He was smiling, eyes twinkling with amusement. “Necromancer.” The word rolled so eloquently off his tongue, tinged with an affection that had Will’s heart clenching.

“Antony, please come in.” The man stepped over the threshold and Winston growled.

“Hello pup.” Winston huffed and moved away from him and Antony’s eyes found Will. “Not one, but two new pets, and this one’s gorgeous.” He held out his hand. “Antony.”

There was something about him, a sort of magnetism that drew him in. He reached out and Hannibal captured his wrist. “Do not.” The Necromancer’s eyes were on Antony, a flash of irritation passing through them.

“I mean him no harm, relax.”

“Antony is an incubus, William, I would avoid direct contact.”

Will swallowed, dropping his hand. “I see.” He pulled himself free of Hannibal. “Why is he here?”

“To help our dear, sad Necromancer with his work.” He reached out, caressing Hannibal’s cheek. “All twisted up and it has nothing to do with me.”

“We should talk elsewhere.”

“Of course, darling, especially about my payment.”

“Go ahead.” Antony gave Will a wink as he passed by, getting a displeased huff out of Hannibal. “He can be a handful.”

“Something you should be used to.” Will’s eyes found his. “Hannibal…”

“You should finish breakfast.”

“Wait.”

“William.”

“He could be dangerous.” He didn’t understand this burning anger that had started to flood his being and he found himself disliking the incubus without cause.

“Not to me, he would find himself in my kitchen if he dared.” The Necromancer reached out, fingers brushing the collar. “He is merely here to assist.”

“And his payment?”

“Inconsequential.” He dropped his hand. “Finish breakfast.”

With that, he followed Antony and Will watched him go, wanting to reach out, but unable to make himself do or say anything more. It was like he had been dismissed.

*

Will avoided the incubus whenever possible. He had been Hannibal’s guest for three days, and Will wanted nothing to do with him. The Necromancer seemed happy enough to spend most of his time with him, inviting him into his study while he asked Will to stay out. There was an anger building in him and it had him taking his meals away from the two, had him hiding away in his room or outside or anywhere they were not. Antony was flirtatious by nature, the way he spoke to Hannibal infuriating.

He sat now in the library, flipping through books of spells, hoping to find the key to his freedom. “Someone looks distraught.” There was power in that voice, a curl of magical promise that had him wanting to throw a book at the demon.

“Not at all.” He flipped to another page, not bothering to look up.

“What has you so angry?” The incubus was suddenly next to him.

“Where’s the Necromancer?”

“Sleeping.”

Will’s heart twisted in his chest. “I see.”

Antony chuckled. “How interesting.” He ran a finger along Will’s cheek. “Jealous?”

Will slapped his hand away and glared up at him. “Irritated.”

“And why is that little lamb?” He leaned down and Will felt magic tickle over his skin.

“Maybe ask him?”

“But I’m asking you.” He reached up, brushing Will’s hair back. “Tell me.”

The magic enveloped him, heated his skin, sank into his mind, fogging his thoughts. He fought against it as the incubus leaned in, hot breath touching his face. He gritted his teeth and turned his head away, gasping for air. “Get away from me.”

“That really is surprising.” He straightened. “Is it hate that gives you such strength, or something else?”

“Stop playing with me.” Will stood and turned to face Antony directly. “You are nothing, but another cruelty brought into my life to torment me.”

The incubus smirked. “There it is…the truth.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You know.” He waved his hand around, encompassing their surroundings. “He brought you here, locked you up, and even though you want to, you can’t hate him.”

“Shut up.”

“You want him to pay for what he has done, yet you can’t live in a world without him.”

“I said shut up.”

“Do you know what that is?” Will shook his head. “That, William, is love.” He jabbed him in the chest with his index finger, right over his heart. “You feel it here, and it fuels this uncontrollable jealousy you can’t get away from.”

He shoved the incubus away. “What do you know?” Embarrassment. Shame. They burned through him in a painful loop that never seemed to end.

“I know that all of this, me being here, that collar around your neck, what he has been doing, is all because of you.”

“My punishment, his revenge. He wants me to suffer.”

“Such a foolish notion.”

“If not that, then what?”

“You’re the empath darling, you tell me.”

Will swallowed, feeling himself quivering. Hannibal hadn’t harmed him since his arrival, had fed and clothed him, had given him his space, his only wish to eat together. The realization hit him hard. “Is…is he?”

“What do you think?”

It was hard to believe the Necromancer could feel anything close to affection, but it had been there, right in front of him. Jealousy. Love. Fate was truly a cruel mistress. “I think, I should get to bed.”

Antony grabbed his arm as he started past and he froze, unwilling to make further eye contact. “Think on my words, human.”

He jerked his arm away. “Goodnight.”

“Sleep well.”

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

> “I…” He was still angry, of course he was, what had been done was horrible and he still felt the pain and sorrow of it. It still tainted these moments, ate at them, threatened them.
>
> “Do you see, William?”
>
> “Stop calling me that.”
>
> “You asked me to.”

Chapter Notes

> I really had no idea how this chapter was going to go. I kept trying to decide how I wanted to write it and finally settled on this. It's been a stressful week so it took a bit of a backburner until now.

He had not meant to run quite literally into the Necromancer. His mind was elsewhere, occupied solely by the conversation he had had with Antony. When their bodies impacted, Will was very nearly knocked down, but Hannibal’s hands found his shoulders, steadying him. “Excuse me.” He released him, stepping away, and Will reached out without thinking, his fingers curling around Hannibal’s arm, stopping him. He was frozen as he turned back, could feel those too curious eyes boring into him as he waited in patient silence.

Will finally turned to him, raising his gaze as he shook off the sudden nervousness. “I want to talk to you.”

There was a slight raise of his eyebrows, a quick expression of surprise, yet his voice betrayed nothing. “And so, you are.” The way he spoke, his tone, his posture, reminded Will of when they had first met. There was this distance.

“I’m trying, so just listen.” He swallowed. “Whatever it is that you’re doing, you should stop.”

“Why?”

“Because…” it was dangerous, “because there’s no reason.”

“There is every reason, William.”

“There isn’t...whatever you’re up to, whatever you’re doing, you can stop.” He gripped tighter to him. “I won’t hate you anymore, so you can stop.”

Hannibal’s eyes moved over him, then he leaned in, and Will stood his ground. “Really? You would drop all of that anger, all of that resentment right now? You would give me forgiveness?”

“I…” He was still angry, of course he was, what had been done was horrible and he still felt the pain and sorrow of it. It still tainted these moments, ate at them, threatened them.

“Do you see, William?”

“Stop calling me that.”

“You asked me to.”

“I know.” He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. “I know I did, but you don’t have to. Call me whatever you like, just stop leaving me alone.” He looked away, embarrassed, his heart stuttering in his chest. “At least let me be angry to your face, let me be sad, let me feel that pain, but let me do it in front of you.”

The Necromancer slid a hand over Will’s, his magic tingling over his skin as he gently pried his fingers loose. “I need to get back to work, perhaps tonight.” There was no real commitment in his words, none of that familiar promise. He walked away and Will let him, a feeling of helpless dread settling in his belly.

*

Hannibal didn’t appear for dinner that evening, and the house had fallen into a strange, uncomfortable silence that gnawed at Will’s thoughts. He let out a sigh and stood, needing to talk to him. He sat his plate on the floor for Winston and made his way to the study. He stood there, trying to gather his thoughts, when a wave of energy washed over him like cold fire. He dropped to his knees, the pain nearly unbearable. The sound of shattering glass followed by a scream of pain came to him from the other side of the door, helping him to focus. He forced air into his lungs, ignored the sensation of his nerves being torn apart as he pushed himself to his feet, and grabbed the door handle, managing to turn it and shove his way inside.

Hannibal stood in the middle of the room, just outside a large circle surrounded by runes, his hands held out, eyes closed as he chanted, his magic whipping around him and the room. Antony was on the floor, leaning against the desk, blood coating his face and staining his clothes. His eyes were wide with shock and Will moved over to him, fighting through the magic. “Antony.” He dropped down, touching his shoulder. The incubus looked up at him. “What’s going on?”

“He…he’s attempting to bring back your girl.”

“Abigail?”

Antony nodded. “What he’s doing…could kill him. I tried to stop him, but…he…” he raised his hand, showing the wound in his abdomen. “He said he had to, that you…”

“Okay, it’s okay.” He pulled his shirt off and pressed it to Antony’s abdomen. “Hold that there.”

“I’ll be fine…demon and all that.”

Will turned from him, using the desk to get back to his feet. There was something beginning to form in the center of the circle, the slowly developing form of a young woman. She was full of such sadness and fear, fear not of the Necromancer, but of what was happening to her. “Hannibal.” He called to him as he moved forward, the collar burning around his neck the closer he came to the source of that power. “Hannibal, stop.” He reached for him, fingers finding his wrist. That energy cut through him and he bit back his cry of pain. “Please.” He ducked under his arm, coming to stand in front of him, gripping to his shoulders. “You need to listen to me…hear me.” He sucked in a breath of air as another shock of magic hit him, this one curling around his throat and threatening to strangle him. “You don’t have to do this…don’t have to…” He took Hannibal’s face in his hands and moved closer to him. “Abigail can’t be this…can’t live some half-life for us. Pulling her back from…forcing her back from death is wrong. She won’t be Abigail; she won’t be the same.” Tears burned in his eyes. “You…you killed her, you did that, but so did I.” His voice cracked. “I should have left with you…we should have, but I was…terrified of what that meant…for me.” Hannibal’s chanting started to trail off and Will swallowed down the lump forming in his throat as he pressed their foreheads together. “I could feel it every moment of every day, this growing darkness and I thought if I acknowledged the truth of who I was...it broke me, it broke me down having to open my eyes.” He brushed his thumbs back and forth over his cheeks. “But it also saved me from myself, from the denial, and fear. I couldn’t have done that without you. So please...don’t do this...give me the time to forgive you.” He wrapped his arms around the Necromancer’s neck, hugging himself tightly to him. The whirlwind of magical energy began to slow, and a feeling of anguish crashed over him as he was pulled flush with Hannibal. The Necromancer was shaking as he clung to Will, his face buried in his shoulder as he stood there completely silent, his emotions as wild as his spells. “It’s okay.”

“I can bring her back.”

“Not without killing yourself.” The amount of life force it would take, the energy, would destroy him. He pulled back. “She wouldn’t want that.”

“How do you know?”

“I can feel it.” He gave him a small smile. “There is no bitterness, no hate, no regret in her. She loved you, even in those final moments, she still loved you because to her you were her father, her rock, her guiding star. Let her go, not just for her, but for us.”

“Would you run after?”

“I’ll stay, even if it means being your pet for the rest of my life.”

“No,” he shook his head, “not as my pet, never that.” The collar popped open, and Will pulled it from his neck. “Stay because you wish it, not because I made you.” His eyes shifted away from Will to the still open circle and Will turned as Hannibal held out a hand towards the half-formed ghost of a girl, they had both loved. “Dearest Abigail.” She reached out, their fingers seeming to brush, and Will could feel her smile, her content, her forgiveness. Hannibal nodded his understanding and closed the circle, both watching as her phantom ebbed away with the loss of magical energy.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> I know this final chapter's short...sorry. I have been having like severe writers block lately, it happens, but I wanted to give y'all something...anything. Anyway, here it is, I love y'all, have an amazing day.

Will stood on the front porch leaning against the wall as he waited for Hannibal to see Antony off. He brushed his fingers absentmindedly over his throat, still feeling the collar there even though it was gone. The incubus smiled, let out a laugh, getting a smile from the Necromancer that had Will's chest tightening. Jealousy. He couldn't stand the feeling. Antony caught his eye, his gaze seeming to pin Will there as he made his way over.

"William."

"Antony." He crossed his arms over his chest.

"I see nothing's changed."

"A lot has actually." He let out a sigh, pushed off the wall, and held his hand out. "Thank you."

"For?"

"Your honesty."

"I've never been good at keeping my mouth shut." He took Will's hand, and he could feel his magic move over his skin. It was far warmer than Hannibal's, hot even. Even with how he felt about the incubus, he could understand the pairing. They were complete opposites and the attraction made sense.

"And I'm too good at keeping mine shut," the incubus arched an eyebrow, "when it suites me."

"That you are, William, that you are." He gave Will's hand a squeeze. "Look after him, and yourself."

"I will."

Antony nodded, releasing him and stepped away, turning back to Hannibal. "I guess I'm off then, don't be a stranger. You know how I enjoy twisting you about," he glanced at Will, grinning, "both of you."

“You can leave now.” Hannibal replied.

“So, I can.” He walked past the Necromancer, pausing for a beat to rest a hand on his chest, before heading away from the house.

Hannibal only watched him for a moment before turning to Will and moving to stand at the bottom of the front steps, looking up at Will. “Are you planning on leaving as well?”

“Would you like me too?” He took a step down. “After all that?”

“I want you here. You and I are inevitable, William.”

“Mongoose.” He took the last step down, so they were finally face to face.

Hannibal’s lips quirked into a small smile. “Mongoose.” He reached out, taking Will’s hand. “Fate and circumstance will continue to bring us together again and again, they will tear us down, force us to admit to ourselves and each other that this is inescapable.”

“Darkness always seeks out darkness.”

“Not just any darkness…yours.”

Will nodded. “Staying here means being honest with myself, it means living my truth, and accepting it for what it is.” He sighed. “Besides if I run away now, I won’t be able to forgive you.”

“And that would be unfortunate.” He reached up, hand sliding over Will’s cheek, and drawing him in.

“Very…and rude after everything we’ve been through.”

“And you know what we do with the rude.” His lips were so close, breath brushing over Will’s. “We eat them.”

Will smiled as he allowed himself to be kissed. The Necromancer’s magic danced over his skin, leaving him covered in goosebumps. He breathed it in, feeling that dark chill move down his throat and into his chest, curling through his core and sliding through his bloodstream. Possessive. Dominating. Mine, it said. He pulled back, breathless, and pressed their foreheads together. It was corruption, sweet and deadly, a poison he had tasted many times before, that he drank willingly that he was sure would kill him someday.

“If you wish to run, Will, I would do so now.” He felt fingers slide gently, loosely around his throat.

“I wouldn’t know where to go.” He rested his hands on Hannibal’s shoulders. “Give me time to call this home.”

“Take all the time you need, I can wait, mongoose.”

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